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## THE BURIAL OF DOUGLAS.

BY DELTA.

They bore his hearse on his bier,  
And bier above, above;  
They bore no sigh, and they shed no tear,  
Nor warrior death can feel.

When Death is in a heart, that need not fear,  
Heath hides the blood congeal.

Other each spearman's head the sun shone red,  
Two men to day light's glow,  
As, with measured tread, their slow steps led  
To the vaults of holy Mcree.

Whose prayers were prayed, and masses said,  
For that parted soul's repose.

They died in the native land,  
Which his good sword shielded well?  
No! that sword in hand, on Spain's far strand  
The good Lord Douglas fell,  
And, on his death-day, around him lay  
The slaughtered foemen.

On his journey to Jerusalem  
The heart of De Bruce he bore;  
But he plied't the east from his rest,  
And, tiring on his bier,  
"Forward lead us, then gallant heart,  
As thou went west of yon!"

Let not, let not, in foreign earth  
His spirit chide, nor weep,  
Nor let the bold comrade here  
His corps to a Scottish tomb,  
That over the head that shield'd it,  
The Thistle still might bloom!

Dread's cap-a-pir, they buried him,  
As he became their bane;  
By torch light, the burial hymn,  
Through the Abber's vaulted bane,  
Whose lampes were lit, for eye to burn  
Honde his honoured grave.

Alas! no lamp-bear's him now  
Bled forth sulphuric flame;  
But queen'd the glory of Scotland be,  
For she ascends from her,  
Whose stirr not her heart's blood, Douglas,  
At thine immortal name.

## THE BORDERER'S LEAF.

**ESELSTOWE**—Heath, on the northern side of the borders, is the entrance to one of these jumbes of rocks and mountains, which seem to have been destined by nature for the haunt of such wild and desperate characters as held, in these districts, their reign of blood and terror, before the union of the two kingdoms, and for some time after. It was there that the Raven of Dunsmuir, as he was called, one of the last of the "border thieves," terminated his career in a manner well worthy of his life. The crime which led to this catastrophe, although not unparalleled in the annals of the period of which we write, would seem, to the refinement of modern taste, too gross for historical detail—it may suffice, therefore, to say, that at the marriage of one of his enemies, which was celebrated that morning, the Raven made his appearance, as unlooked for, as unwelcome—a numerous train of followers, masked a great part of the company, and set fire to the house. Unexpected succour, however, arrived—although not before the work of revenge had been too well accomplished; the assailants were assailed in their turn, when least prepared for defence—the bridgegroom liberated, whom they had intended to carry off as a prisoner—and their chief obliged to take himself to flight, alone and unarmed.

It was the afternoon when the outlaw arrived at the borders of the heath, and his breath came freer as he felt the cool air from his own mountains, and saw the declining sun, which hung over the cliffs to which his fugitive steps were directed, pointing as it were to the place of their mutual safety. He slackened his pace for an instant, to look around on the well-known scene; his heart dilated with a kind of pride as he felt his foot once more on his native heath, which it pressed with an elasticity hardly diminished by the weight of fifty years; and his eyes sparkled with a fierce joy as he saw the approaching termination of his flight. But he was alone and unarmed—for his sword had been broken off to the hilt; a host of enemies were behind, and his place of refuge yet distant. He looked back as he gained the summit of an eminence; and although, to a less experienced traveller, no sound would have been heard to break the stillness of the hour, and no living form appeared to give animation to the desolate heath, save that of the wild bird, now and then startled by his sudden step from its resting-place; yet, when he had bent for a moment his keen eyes on the distance, and then turned his ear in the same direction, as if to catch some note of confirmation, the outlaw snuffed up the wind like a fox pursued to his covert, and, bending his body forward to the mountains, darted on with renewed velocity. He did not rest again till he had reached the base of the ridge of mountains which forms the termination of the heath; but his exertions, during the latter part of the journey, although not less steady than before, were less violent. Perhaps his long and rapid flight—or, it may be, the pressure of approaching age—had contributed to stiffen his wearied limbs, and to depress his stout heart; or, perhaps, it was only some consideration of policy that induced him to reserve his strength for the greater hazard and fatigue of ascending the rocks: but so it was, that, towards the conclusion of the race, although the foremost of his enemies was then distinctly in sight, the pace of the outlaw became gradually slower; and at length he threw himself down by a small stream of water that gushed out of the cliff, and turned his eyes deliberately upon the heath. As his pursuer approached nearer and nearer, it could be seen that he was a young man, of a strong, athletic make: in his right hand was a sword covered with blood, which the mid-day sun had baked into a brown crust on the blade; and in his left he held a costly handkerchief, such as was at that time worn on holiday occasions by females of wealth or rank. He was dressed more like a chambering gallant than a rough warrior, who seeks the brown heath with the naked brand; but the disorder of his apparel, which was torn and daubed with the marks of mortal strife—his long hair, hanging in clotted heaps on his half-naked shoulders—and his

wild and ghastly aspect, where fury, horror and despair were written in mingled characters—seemed yet fitter for the lonely heath than the festive hall. When he saw his enemy fall down by the side of the stream, a low but deep cry broke from his lips, resembling half the shout of the tired forester, when the stag who has held him to bay sinks powerless at his feet, and half the greedy and savage howl of the wolf-dog over the quivering carcass of his quarry. The Raven of Drumcliff smiled scornfully as the sound broke on his ear through the distance, but when his pursuer came within a space when farther delay might have been dangerous, he plunged his head into the cool stream, tore open his dress, and splashed the invigorating element over his bosom; then springing upon his feet, threw back his hair over his forehead, shook his limbs, and returning the premature ery of triumph by a shrill yell of defiance, began to ascend the sides of the mountain, and speedily disappeared among the rocks. The bridgegroom, with his black lips and burning forehead, rushed past the stream without wasting even a look on its reviving waters. Guided either by a previous knowledge of the outlaw's haunts, or by an instinct similar to that which leads the bloodhound to his unseen prey, he threaded the maze of rocks with undeviating accuracy; till at length the sound of his enemy's feet—the crashing of the branches that were laid hold of to assist his ascent—and, finally, the rushing of stones and fragments of earth, dislodged by his feet, down the steep path, convinced him that he gained upon the object of his pursuit, and that a few more efforts of his strong and youthful limbs would place the fell destroyer before his eyes. In the meantime the outlaw, avoiding the steep breast of the mountain, turned short into a rocky pass which cuts through the ridge, and which, although dry at that time, in winter forms the bed of a torrent. In a few moments more, he found himself within sight of a place that, on former occasions of as great need, had stood him in lieu of friends and fortress; and, with renewed energy, he rushed down the steep declivity, which forms the east side of the mountain he had ascended by the west, and leads direct to a singularly situated rock, even at that time known by the name of the Raven's Tower. On this side, the mountain sweeps down for more than half way in a tolerably smooth declivity—but then stops suddenly short, and with frightful abruptness descends, in an almost perpendicular manner, for the remaining space of nearly a hundred and fifty feet. It seemed for some time as if further effort was impossible; as if his heart's sole aim and desire was to remain fixed forever in this frightful position, but, as he found his strength gradually giving way, his hands relaxing in their grasp, and his feet slipping from their hold—the conviction broke on his mind, that, in a few minutes more, he must give himself up to a death the imagination shuddered at—desperation came to the aid of courage; and, staking every thing on the event of a single movement—which, if unsuccessful, must plunge him into the gulf—he caught with his hands still closer to the rock, and pressing his feet with all his might against the slender hold, succeeded, by a violent muscular effort, in heaving himself upon the cliff. "Eternal curse on my nerveless limbs!" cried the bridgegroom, arriving at the instant; "the Raven has reached my tower—and who may follow him?—Turn back," continued he, raising his voice into a furious shout, "ravisher! murderer! monster!—all things bad but coward!—Turn back! and I swear by every thing binding on man's soul, to divide in twain my sword with these; and, although thou dost deserve to die like a dog, to fight a fair fight with thee on this hill side, without friend or witness, save yonder setting sun, and Him who made it!" But the Raven was deaf even to so courteous an offer; he lay on his back upon the cliff, apparently without sense or motion, his legs hanging over the side—seeming, like the poet's personification of Danger to the avenger was to wave the bloody handkerchief in the air, which he then placed in his bosom; and clearing the intervening space at three rapid bounds, he darted from the side of the mountain. 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He was as brave a man, in the vulgar acceptance of the word, as ever faced a foe; but, at this moment, the cold drops of mortal terror burst over his forehead: he dug his hands into the hard and scanty earth that covered the surface of the landing-place, and clung convulsively with his feet to a slight projection on the side, that must have instantaneously given way to a less pressure had it not been of the hardest granite. 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ion to my of him, who so gallantly brought the "Herc of the Wooden Sword" in a hole, what Reseau said of Purdy, when he made the high-mettled Eclipse beat the pride of the "Old Dominion," "that man, is this night, the most popular dog amongst us!" Many of the wheel-hounds were guided by one and drawn by numerous pairs of well-matched legs, who trotted over the ice-bound pavements in all the pride of self-importance. The Chevalier who came astride a plank supported on the shoulders of a mass of men or more, was very unceremoniously lodged on his seat of honor, with as much sang-froid as his carriers would have dropped a bag of wheat; but he was no sooner down, than he was upon his trotters, and quickly ascending the steps was ushered in amidst the shouts, boos and shrill, of the multitude without."

#### UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

TUESDAY, March 10.—Pursuant to adjournment, the Court met this morning in the Capital. Present as on yesterday.

Proclamation being made, the Court was opened.

Mr. Justice THOMPSON delivered the opinion of the Court in

No. 73—*David English et al. appellants, vs. Catherine Fossall.* On appeal from the Decree of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Columbia, holding in and for the county of Washington. Decree of said Circuit Court reversed, so far as it grants the particular relief as to the affirmed deficiency, and in all things else, and cause remanded for further proceedings to be had thereon according to law and justice.

Mr. Justice THOMPSON delivered the opinion of the Court in

No. 74—*David English et al. appellants, vs. Catherine Fossall.* On appeal from the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Columbia, holding in and for the county of Washington. Decree of the said Circuit Court affirmed, so far as it grants the particular relief as to the affirmed deficiency, and in all things else, and cause remanded for further proceedings to be had thereon according to law and justice.

Mr. Justice STORY delivered the opinion of the Court in

No. 75—*David English et al. appellants, vs. Catherine Fossall.* On appeal from the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Columbia, holding in and for the county of Washington. Decree of the said Circuit Court affirmed, so far as it grants the particular relief as to the affirmed deficiency, and in all things else, and cause remanded for further proceedings to be had thereon according to law and justice.

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No. 76—*David English et al. appellants, vs. Catherine Fossall.* On appeal from the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Columbia, holding in and for the county of Washington. Decree of the said Circuit Court affirmed, so far as it grants the particular relief as to the affirmed deficiency, and in all things else, and cause remanded for further proceedings to be had thereon according to law and justice.

Mr. Justice STORY delivered the opinion of the Court in

No. 77—*Plowden Weston, et al. plaintiffs in error, vs. The City Council of Charleston.* The argument of this cause was concluded by Mr. MAYNE, for the defendant in error.

Adjourned till to-morrow, 11, A. M.

#### ITEMS.

According to the American, an almost Egyptian darkness, illumined now and then by lightning, prevailed at New York, yesterday at noon.

Letters from Washington, entitled to credit, mention that JAMES N. BARKER, Esquire, has been nominated to the office of Collector of the port of Philadelphia.

Captain Hitchcock, appointed instructor in tactics at West Point, has arrived at that place.

Very lame indeed—was the reply of Jekyll, a well-known London barrister, and the oldest barrister living, when told that Lord Anglesey was to be succeeded by Lord Verulam.

The sum of 200,000 francs had been subscribed in Paris, in the beginning of January, for an asylum for beggars.

Economy.—A Scotch General, in the midst of a battle, shouted to his men—"Don't waste your powder, but give them the steel."

The population of the Danish territories in Europe, including the islands, at the close of 1820, was 2,000,000. That of Copenhagen is 184,574.

A young Irishman, who had burnt his fingers in the Acapulca Mining Company, was asked what the directors were doing. "Doing!" said he, "they're doing the share-holders."

A celebrated German professor, who calls himself Mr. Wilhelmsklerkloessky, has just taken up his quarters in London. The pronunciation of his own name will, doubtless, be the first lesson.

Until the arrival of the Post Master General at Washington, the duties of the office will be performed by the assistants, Messrs. A. and P. Bradley.

The number of deaths in Baltimore last week, amounted to 42—24 of these were males, and 21 females—7 died of consumption.

The Pittsburgh Gazette of the 6th inst. states that the river below that is now clear of ice. The waters have been rising since rapidly, and the Ohio is in fine order for navigation. The steam boats have commenced running.

A letter dated Harrisburg, March 10, 1829, says John Deput, Esquire, clerk of the Senate, died yesterday after a short illness. His attack, however. Mr. Deput has left a family, by whom his loss will be severely felt.

There was a remarkable fog in London on Sunday the 16th of January, at 12 o'clock. It was so dark that lights were introduced in all the churches to enable the service to proceed.

The house of Col. William Armstead, of Amherst, Va. was destroyed by fire on Monday of last week, and Mrs. Armstead perished in the flames.

It seems that Stephenson and Lloyd, who arrived at Savannah, in the brig Kingston, from Milford, assumed the names of Smith and Larke.

The largest piece of plate in Europe has recently been manufactured in London for the King of England. It is for the purpose of a wine-cooler; a man may stand upright in it; and it comprises seven thousand ounces of silver. The gilding corresponds in richness and skill with the whole design.

Letters from Panama of Jan. 25th, state that the Peruvian fleet, commanded by Admiral Guise, attacked the Colombian fleet in the port of Guayaquil in December last. The latter was protected by the Colombian batteries. The action was very severe without being decisive to either party. About 500 men were killed, including Admiral Guise the Peruvian commander, (an Englishman,) whose body has been sent to Lima.

#### BOARD OF HEALTH.

The Select and Common Councils yesterday elected the following gentlemen members of the Board of Health, for the ensuing year:

Dr. Ezekiel Cook, Dr. John Moore, Dr. J. H. Bush, Dr. J. H. Bush.

The following gentlemen were elected on Monday last:

Dr. W. W. Worrall, Dr. J. H. Bush.

By the Commissioners of Southwark.

Dr. J. H. Bush.

By the Commissioners of Newgate.

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